

## The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
VOLUME 47, NO. 16,508.

## CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

Upton Sinclair's housekeeping experiment at Englewood will be watched with interest by thousands of people who are neither Socialists nor much-makers.

Mr. Sinclair is known to fame as the author of "The Jungle," the book which roused President Roosevelt to an investigation of the Chicago packing house methods. The book itself is gruesome, and somewhat bloody reading. Its purpose, as Mr. Sinclair puts it, was to make converts to Socialism in like manner that Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made converts against slavery. In this respect, as his author confesses, it is a failure. As he says, "I aimed to touch the hearts of the public, and found that I had only reached their stomachs."

The royalties from this book made their author affluent, and put him in a position to attempt the practical solution of some of the problems which bothered him.

The first problem was how to live decently, peacefully and at not too great expense.

This desire is universal. It is not confined to Socialists or to authors. It puzzles everybody. It involves the rent problem, the servant problem, the children problem, and all minor household affairs.

Everybody who has a home has a range or a cook stove, a wash-tub, a furnace, beds to make, rooms to clean, all of which require daily attention and special training. Every homekeeper has a butcher's bill, a grocer's bill, milk, eggs and vegetables to buy, furniture to keep in repair, and a thousand other worries.

The only refuge has been to go to a boarding-house or a hotel and pay so much a week for food and lodging. This cannot constitute a home, and it is far from affording satisfactory family life.

The Sinclair remedy for the servant problem is not to have any servants. His solution of the care of children is to have a special teacher. All other housekeeping matters are likewise to be combined and specialized.

He and a number of his Socialistic friends, fellow authors, college professors and students got together and bought a vacant boarding-school situated on the top of the Palisades at Englewood. The building is large, with wings and towers, a court, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, schoolrooms, laundries, kitchens, and all the conveniences of a private house or a hotel.

Here the Socialistic colony has located. A young woman college graduate is one of the cooks. In return for cooking three or four hours a day she has the rest of her time for study, recreation and social enjoyment. Two other educated young women do the other cooking. A Yale student earns his board by attending the furnace fire nights, which takes only a few hours of his time. A doctor, who is a widower with children, gives his professional services in return for his board and the care and education of his children. A widow with children acts as housekeeper on the same plan.

The money required to buy supplies, to pay taxes and repairs comes from the boarders, who are in business in New York, and who pay money instead of giving their services.



Everybody is on a social equality. It is regarded as dignified and worthy to cook or to attend the furnace fire as to be in business and commute to New York. The children are provided for in a community kindergarten. Nurses and medical attendance are included in the board bill.

Everything will doubtless be serene, if only the different wives and mothers act in agreeable concord about the domestic affairs.

It is, however, a long way from Socialism, but still a most valuable experiment in the solving of modern housekeeping problems.

## Letters from the People.

## A Brooklyn "Demon."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Talk about being handed a lemon! I happened to have an engagement in Brooklyn Sunday and I boarded a Smith Street car at the New York side of the Brooklyn Bridge and after paying my fare asked the conductor to notify me when we came to Breezy street. He replied "Certainly!" Well, we rode all most anywhere and were about nearing the end of Breezy street when I asked him about Breezy street. He looked bewildered and replied: "Why we passed there long ago." So I had to board another car and come back. Why do they have such ignorant men on cars?  
NEW YORKER.

## Hudson and North Rivers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there any difference between the Hudson and the North Rivers?  
J. J. H., Brooklyn.

The term "North River" is applied to the southernmost portion of the Hudson.  
Higher or Lower Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Here is a domestic example in physics for astute readers to discuss: Is the air in a room heated by a coal stove purer near the floor or near the ceiling?  
S. F.

## Woes of a Witness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"Temple Court" complains that passengers refuse to give their names as witnesses in H. R. T. suits. I regret to state that I have often had to refuse a request to appear as witness against the H. R. T., although it would have been my pleasure to serve. It is seldom "Temple Court" will meet men who can leave their business and go to court day after day until both sides have everything ready (which is often not for weeks) to help a man who has made a five-cent mistake. I am sure that if he

had needed five cents and announced the fact he would have had an offer from each of the "ten citizens," but to expect time in business hours, which is equal to dollars to them, is expecting what few men can accommodate you with.  
A. G.

"Ouida," etc.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is "Ouida" a classic author? If not, what kind of an author is she? Is her name pronounced Weeda or Wyda?  
S. R.

"Ouida" (pronounced "Weeda") is the pen name of Louise de la Ramee, a writer of romantic novels.  
Old Men Good Workers.

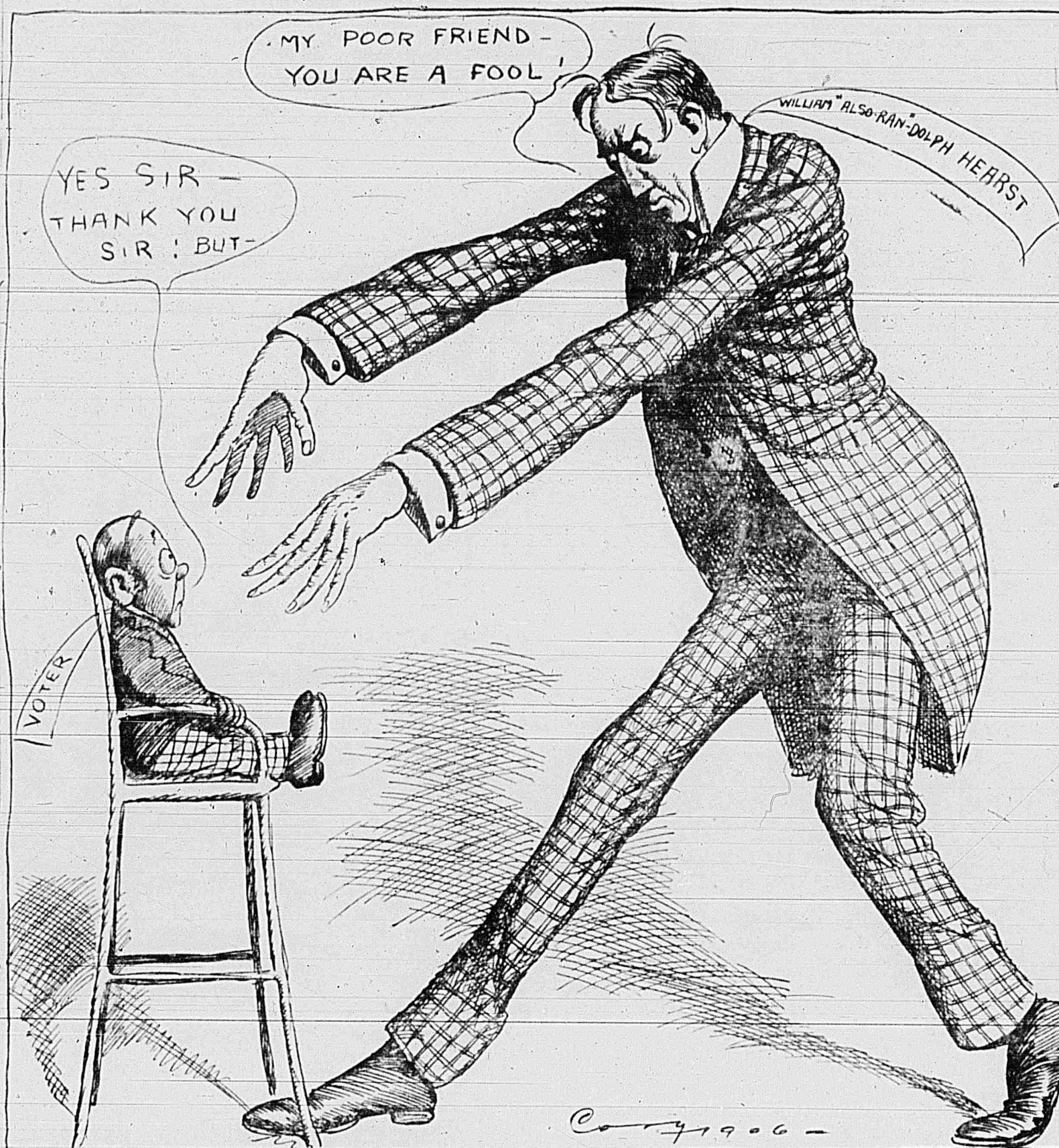
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I was much interested in the letter whose author says that he is as strong and capable as ever and yet cannot get a job because he has white hair and wears glasses. This is called "the age of young men." It is a silly mania. All other things being equal, the man of forty years' business experience must serve his employers better than a young man of thirty or twenty-five, who is surrounded by the temptations and highly impulsive of youth. Moreover, the older man has served his country well by lifelong good citizenship. Employers owe him much. Let them hire him.  
MIDDLE AGE.

Wages and Cost of Living.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Here is a point in political economy I would like experienced readers to discuss: How does the increase in the rate of wages since 1895 compare with the increase in the standard of living?  
Bayonne, N. J.

219 Broadway.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please give me the address of the Local Aid Society.  
Local Aid Society.

## The Hypnotist.

By J. Campbell Cory.



## THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

"THERE'S a new family just moved in," said Mrs. Jarr. "They've taken the top flat. Of course, top flats are always light and airy, but it is too high up, and then, in case of fire, I'd be scared to death on account of the children."

"How many children have they?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, they haven't any children at all," replied Mrs. Jarr. "The landlord won't take any more families with children. And they say he gets so mad that he raises the rent if any children are born on the premises."

"Why doesn't he post a notice to that effect?" said Mr. Jarr.

"He'd better post a notice about cats and dogs. I think they are worse than children in a flat and are more unhealthy."

"Of course," she added, "some children are terrible and noisy and litter up the halls and fall down the stairs and bump themselves something terrible."

"I've had to complain about those Watkins children a dozen times. My children, thank goodness, never make a bit of trouble or noise. But just yesterday, because little Emma gave Gladys Watkins a push, just a little push by accident, and she fell down a flight of stairs, another of the Watkins children—and the worst children I ever saw in my life, and their mother has no control over them—slapped little Emma on the arm in the most fiendish manner! The poor child's screams were heart rending."

"And I suppose you ran out and got in a fight with those people?" said Mr. Jarr.

"If I did, I didn't forget I was a lady," said Mrs. Jarr. "But if you think I am going to let common people like those Watkins abuse my dear children, you are much mistaken!"

"And I suppose I'll be dragged into the row with those people?" said Mr. Jarr, frowning.

"Oh, don't worry, Mr. Jarr," said his good wife, heatedly. "If you are not man enough, if you have not courage enough to protect your wife and children

when ruffians assault them, I am not afraid. Let them murder me if they will, while you run away!" said Mrs. Jarr, bursting into tears.

"Now you are talking like a crazy person again!" said Mr. Jarr, "but Watkins seems a nice fellow, and Mrs. Watkins seems a very nice person, too, and I always thought their children were rather quiet boys or girls."

"Oh, yes," sobbed Mrs. Jarr. "Everybody is just perfectly lovely except your own family! Every other woman is a nice woman but me, every other child is all right in your eyes, while for your own children you have nothing but sneers! But I will not desert them! I will take their part!"

"I will take their part, too!" said Mr. Jarr, hurriedly. "I only know that I am dragged into a whole lot of rows for which there is no occasion. I only know that all I get in this house is abuse and I'm sick and tired of it and won't stand it, and that's final!"

"Oh, very well, then," said Mrs. Jarr. "Go, hide like a coward and let murderers kill your children under your own roof-tree! But don't ever speak to me again!"

"What's the matter with you? What's all the row about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "All I get out of this is that a nice girl in the next flat and some children—possible with our little family. Did anybody say anything to you? Did anybody do anything to you?"

"I'd like to see them try it!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I can take care of myself. But those Watkins children are malicious little murderers. They will lay in wait for our little family, maybe the butcher's knife, and—"

Just then a loud cry echoed from the hallway, followed by the quick running of a child. There was another scream and then all was still.

"It was my poor darling, my child!" shrieked Mrs. Jarr. "And they have murdered her!"

She sprang to the door and threw it open, and there stood her little girl, with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "we are having such fun playing kias games with the Watkins children!"

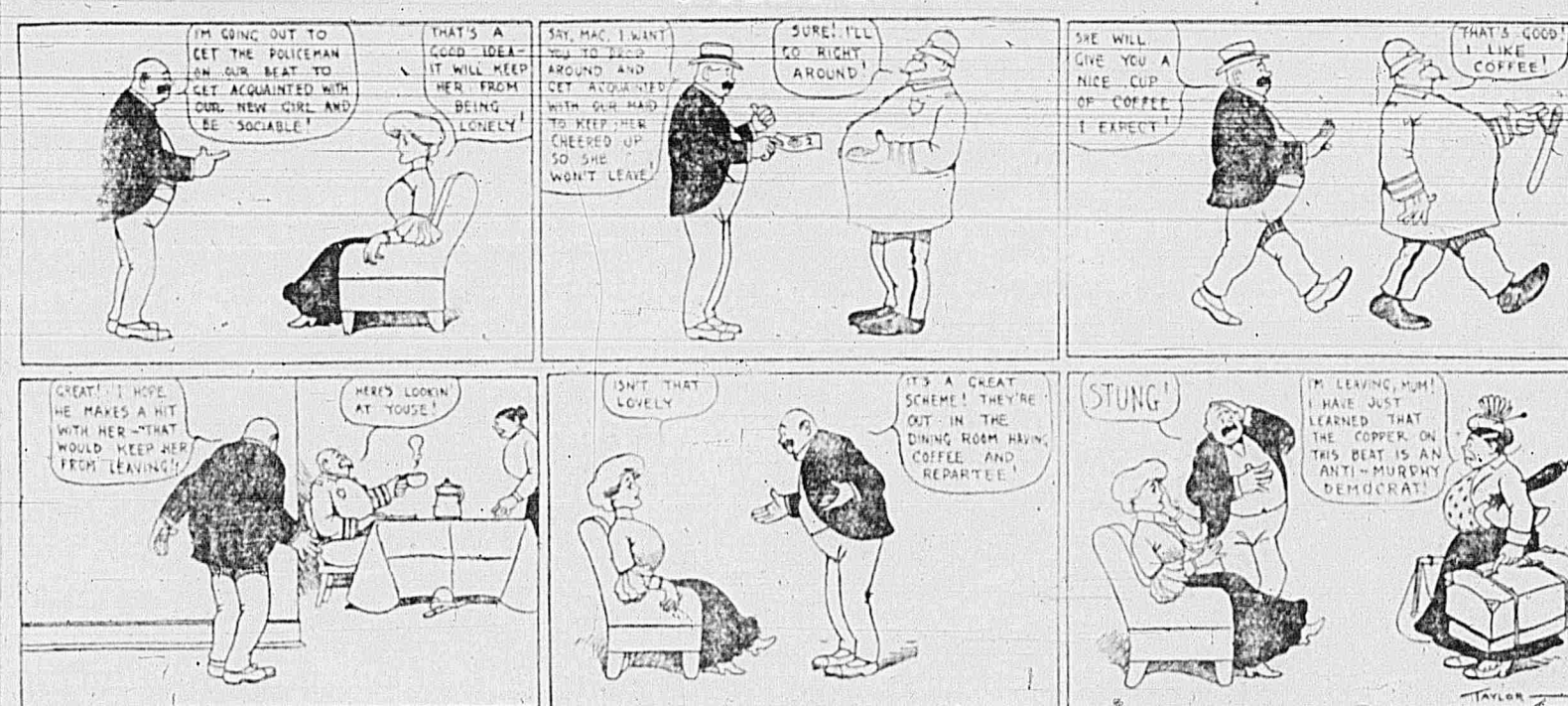
Mrs. Jarr picked her up and hugged her.

"I'm glad they are such nice playmates, dear," she said, "but don't make so much noise in the hall."

## Girl Wanted!

## Nothing but Trouble at Home.

By R. W. Taylor.



## DEFINITIONS.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what is the difference between a magnet and a magnet?"

"A magnet, Willie, is a metallic substance, generally of iron, which will attract certain metals, but not gold or silver. A magnet is a metallic substance, invariably of brass, which will attract gold and silver only."—T. B. B.

## ALMOST A PANIC.

"I hear," said Hi Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theatre."

"Yes," replied Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one!"—T. B. B.

## HIS WORST ENEMY.

Briggs—Here comes Gideon, let's cross over.

Grieks—Why, I thought he was a friend of yours?

Briggs—He used to be, but now he's my deadly enemy. He's the unspeakable villain who recommended a place for me to spend my vacation!—Pick Me Up.

## HOW HE SOLVED IT.

Young Lister is always talking about the good he is going to do with his money when present social conditions are upset.

"Yes, I know. All that's changed now. He proposed to me last night, and the money is going where it will do the most good!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## LOVE'S BEATITUDES

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

3.—Blessed is the meek woman, for she shall inherit the hearth and make it heaven.



THIS is the third beatitude of love. Possibly the meek woman is not as blessed to herself as to her husband. But the happiness she bestows on him can only be measured by those who have witnessed the tyrannical reign of terror in other households.

Moreover, the meek woman really rules her hearth; the belligerent lady merely empies hers and sits by the fire stone. The meek woman is not meek by nature, but by policy.

Patience Griselda, the meekest lady in history, whose husband put her away, took her children from her and did everything short of killing her. Finally, when she was converted into a meek woman, her husband, by her non-resistance, but hers was a spineless meekness, unworthy of imitation in our day.

The modern meek woman is merely a good-tempered woman. Her serenity is not of the surface, but of the soul. She is a woman thoroughly satisfied with herself, and therefore not discontented with any one else. For the secret of meekness is not humility, but self-satisfaction.

The most successful wife treats her husband more or less like one of her children. From her point of view he is a good little boy or a bad little boy, and the case may be, even if the world regards him as its greatest statesman or its most accomplished villain. And that is the only point of view from which she can do anything with him.

We understand children. We can never understand men except by treating them as children, viewing their gravest errors with the tolerance and meekness and superior serenity with which we accept Johnny's misappropriation of the jam, or little Mary's making mud pies in her best hand-embroidered frock.

The reign of the tyrannical, the belligerent wife, is brief and full of sorrow. That of the meek woman is the most absolute and the most enduring in the world. In matrimony, more than anywhere else, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

A soft answer not only turns away wrath, but it prevents wrinkles and worry. Good nature as a beautifier is worth all the massage and lotions in the world.

To be meek means to keep one's temper, and to keep one's temper means to win.

Therefore twice blessed is the meek woman, for she shall inherit the hearth and make it heaven.

## New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

Bits of Life Along the Big Road.



TOGETHER, patient reader, let us stroll a stretch of Broadway through. Beyond a doubt, a stroll on Broadway is good for the appetite—so good that often you are able afterward to eat some of the French dishes that some of the Broadway cafes have prepared by some of their Swede cooks.

Come we first to the lower Flatiron, a place of uplifting influences, at the southernmost extremity of the Main Mile of the Big Road. At this point on a windy day the blithesome yeomen of the town oftentimes congregate and give three cheers for the wind. Yonder gentleman in the celluloid coat and the compressed knickerbockers who is apparently preparing to bend double and pick up something off the ground behind him with his teeth, is not a contortionist—merely one of a visiting delegation trying to count the number of stories to the top. Anon he will join his party on a tour of the Bowery, in a large open vehicle, thus affording the peaceful inhabitants of the east side an opportunity of studying the strange races of people that come from Camden, Cos Cob, Cohoes and all points west. Hence the name—sight-seeing coach.

Next, we approach the high and low political pressure. The still, cold, death-haunted house on the left, where the spider is weaving undisturbed and the perishing rooftop mourns for its mate, is the Democratic headquarters. Despite his ghastly environment the gentleman in charge, Mr. Flingy Connors, smiles gladly, for after next Tuesday his term of solitary confinement will end and he will be free to go forth once more among his fellow-men, passing out the kind word, the bull con and the brass check.

The Republican headquarters is around in another street, where unbroken tranquility may be had for the feeble fee. You cannot see it from here, but persons cannot see it at all. The doctors are sending such of their patients as require perfect quiet to Woodruff's sanitarium to take the rest cure until after election.

But mark you well, fellow-traveller, there is naught that is tomb-like about the headquarters of the smooth-faced nominee. Modest banners depicting scenes in the life of the candidate cover the front of the building and tie in a knot behind. Here all is life, and Max Imhosen, one of the gentlemen who cherish a belief that there are devils running on the ticket until the Supreme Court said them better, have intimated that Mr. Imhosen is carrying a lemon route—but let us pass along into the realm of the Theatians.

If only the street lamps were spot lights like those we well might ideal for dwellers of the Balto these days. To and fro ride the queens of the stage in the little buggies the angels sent them. We note that while chorus ladies are satisfied with the half-shell cabs, it takes one of those gray-bus victorias for a prima donna.

—In the next place we come a matinee lot in the act of burning a few faces at his own altar. Even at a casual glance it becomes apparent that he is not to any great extent ashamed of himself. Next we behold a leading man likewise doing a little something in the license line on a personal account, and betraying that any pain which he may feel in regard to his appearance is not acute. Also the heavy tragedian, who weighs ninety-eight pounds, and the light comedian who weighs twenty.

Let us halt here and see how our own venture above this line unless they be "treated in automobile conservatories or the study of rents in the higher altitudes.

## THE FUNNY PART.

Some contend that there's little to see in Broadway these times.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

A MAN'S conscience troubles him less than the fear of being caught at it. There are only four letters in love, but there are thousands of love letters.

Some women are for getting married and some are forgetting that they are. Pools never know when to stop talking, but wise men always know when not to begin.

But the homely girl who knows how to cook has one advantage over the pretty girl who doesn't. See that you have plenty of sand before starting on the road to success, for it's somewhat slippery.

Babies are the links that bind mothers to heaven—and also keep them at home when they want to go shopping.

A woman doesn't have to be married long in order to discover that her husband doesn't know half as much as he pretends to know.

Somewhat the right kind of mother never wants her sixteen-year-old daughter to do the things she did when at that age.

Love is said to be an expert magician, but the masculine victim soon learns that it can't transform nickels into dollars.

A woman probably never appreciates her husband more than when he comes home and announces that his salary has been increased.—Chicago News.

## The Queer Custom of "Living-In."

"SHOP ASSISTANTS" and clerks in retail and wholesale houses and similar establishments in England often endure great hardship on account of the medieval "living-in" custom, by which they eat, sleep and work all under the same roof. A determined effort is now being made to do away with the evils of this system. J. Macpherson, general secretary of the union of shop assistants, quotes Dr. Norman Kerr as follows: "It is impossible for me to find language strong enough to convey a hundredth part of the mischiefs which have been arising from the excessive hours of labor of shop assistants who have been under my professional care. The great length of the hours at work have been the dyspeptic misery and disease induced by the necessary boiling of food through the hours will not relinquish such a profitable source of revenue. That the employer is obviously," the same official continues, "Take the following illustration: An employer boards and feeds a staff of 500 assistants. He decides to reduce the cost of breakfasts to the extent of two cents a head per diem. This economy in housekeeping gives him an additional profit of \$3,800 a year on the cheeseparing of one meal alone. The unfortunate assistant 'who can leave if he doesn't like the food provided,' must deplete his meagre wage to buy extra food to satisfy hunger or to tempt the palate to swallow the unappetizing fare provided by the firm."